

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But every Punie whipster gets my Sword,
But why should Honor out-lie Honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Othel. Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue seene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.
Do you go backe dismay'd? 'Tis a lost feare:
Man but a Rush against *Othello's* brest,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girdle?
Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the possession of this Heauenly sight:
Blow me about in winde, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in sleepe-downe gulfs of Liquid fire.
Oh *Desdemona*! dead *Desdemona*: dead. Oh, oh!

*Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago,
with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: heere I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?

Bring the Villaine forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Othel. I am not sorry neither, I'd haue thee liue:
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.

Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once so good,
False in the practise of a cursed Slaue,
What shall be saide to thee.

Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:

For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.

Oth. I.

Cas. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause.

Oth. I do beleue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that deny-Diuell,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.

Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will open your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir,

You shall vnderstand what hath befallne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be vnderooke
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O Villaine!

Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now, heere's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes
Rodorigo meant 'haue sent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisf'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe;
How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wiues?

Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselfe confest it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!

Cassio. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was cast: and euen but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word on two before you goe:
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice.

Then must you speake,
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Icalious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-ved to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and tradue'd the State,
I tooke by th' throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smote him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

*Dies
Cassio.*

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragick Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poysons Sight,

Let it be
And seize
For they
Remaine
The Tim
My selfe
This hea

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

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Othello, the Moore.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.
Iago, a Villaine.
Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman.
Duke of Venice.

Senators
Montano
Gentlemen
Lodouico
Sailors.
Clowne.

Desdemona
Emilia
Bianca,

